From the windows of the East Side elevated railroad one can see the top foor of a dwelling that rises a story higher than its brownstone neighbor.
Nothing is conspicuous about this extra
floor save the iron bass that protect the
windows on the front and back of the
house. Behind the panes the blinds are

drawn, and few persons in the neighborhood have ever seen them litted.

The man in the street would in all probability never see the extra story or the iron bars unless his attention had been especially attracted to them. It is the projection of the top story above the level of the other roofs that turns the gaze of passengers of the trains to the

barred windows.

Ask any man, woman or child about those windows, and if he has lived long enough in the neighborhood you will get the same story from all. Listen to the local account of the gloomy home and judge why this story has been told now for more than twenty years.
"The old man that owned the house for

years," runs the tale, "married a young girl that wouldn't stay home and behave herselt as he thought a young wife should even if she had a husband three times her age. She was off with the young fellows to picnics, balls and the like whenday she went to a chowder and never came back until late at night. She was brave that day because she had done the same thing several times before just at that time and the old man didn't seem to mind

day of the last picnic she ever went to bass to its undoing. the bars were put in place in front of . The drought, now partially disturbed building a prison for her all the time, on the pionic waited at a distance to see how he would treat her. He was all in and didn't seem angry. But she never she knew it and then slammed the iron doors shut.

Some people say she's there still. Others think she's dead. Some used to hear her crying at nights, and every once in a while she'd get near the windows He stopped that however, and nobody's ever seen her to this day."

Of course there's not a word of truth in this legend, although it survives to was never any peg on which to hang the big bass right away." story beyond the fact that an older man with a young wife did once live there and built the upper story They moved away to the country when the neighborhood cheapened and tenements began to change go out the character of what had been a quiet that ta cheapened and tenements began to change the character of what had been a quiet residential neighborhood. They could not dispose of the house on advantageous terms for a long time because of this change in the neighborhood, so it was closed for years, which was splendid breeding time for the story to get a start. Its latest occupants are a man and his and haul in bullheads.

Angler Bailey doesn't believe in bait

o ccasional outbreak of romance and It had a goose quill through it and was superstition is the legend that has for all painted green, green as the frogs superstition is the legend that has for years clung to an old house-down in Second avenue. It acquired in the neighborhood the name of "The House of the Lions," from the two placid stone animals that rested on its old fashioned stoop. It had a more sinister repute in the neighborhood, however, and was alluded to in whispers as the home of the man with the six wives. Here were supposed to the six wives. Here were supposed to reside with their master the six energetic, efficient women who in the opinion of the lower East Side a score of years ago were best described as the butcher's looked like a miniature green island in getic, efficient women who in the opinion of the lower East Side a score of years ago were best described as the butcher's

wives.
This story began first in the neighborhood of Tompkins Square. Not far away was a pork butcher's stop. He made a reputation on the Bast Side that brought reputation on the East Side that brought him customers from all parts of the city. They ultimately brought him wealth as well. It was on Saturdays, naturally, that the crowd of customers was largest. At first the butcher was helped out by his wife. As business increased she had another woman to help her. Gradually the number increased until there were six of these silent, efficient women technical the counter to help the customera!

wife. As business other woman to help her.

It was not long after the appearance of the last of these helpers that the story began to travel through the neighborhood that these women were the proprietor's wives. He became in the eyes of the children in the neighborhood a species of Bluebeard whom they regarded with a sort of awe but without fear. The years rolled on, the pork butcher grew richer, and after a while was able to buy a house on Second avenue that had once belonged in Knickerbocker family.

Angler Bailey thought it was gumbasted funny that he didn't get any bites, but he didn't believe in pulling up his hook every little while to see what was the matter, and so he sat and waited.

The policeman said to the same with the sat on the East Side funny that he didn't get any bites, but he didn't believe in pulling up his hook every little while to see what was the matter, and so he sat and waited.

there could be the least doubt that those six women were the butcher's wives. Just how the story began I never knew. People used to say the women were all sisters, and others swore they had seen the procession marching up after business to the brick house on Second avenue. I never saw any of these things, but it never occurred to me to doubt.

"The women were quiet, uncommunicative, absorbed in their work, and had never given any signs that they knew of the story about them. After a while the women disappeared with him. But before that he was sick, had to go to Carlsbad for a cure, and left the six wives, as they were called, in charge of his business. They attended to it just as well in his prolonged absence.

"Go over to the Fast Side now in the could be the six wives as they were called, in charge of his business."

"Go over to the Fast Side now in the could be a wast and waited.

"I'll get a walloper when one does grab that batil" said he. "A four pounder.

The sun was getting well along behind the hills over in the wast disgusted with this batif shing for bass. The boy had caught all the bass he wanted and gone home. Supper time was drawing nigh.

"Jesswizzled if I'm going to lose my impore for all the bass there is between here and Havre de Grace," said he, "four pounders and all"

Then he got up and pulled in his line. When he lifted that big green dobber from the water he was amazed to see no line hanging beneath it. Then a second later it was a wonder that the green dobber and everything else within hearing of that

They attended to it just as well in his prolonged absence.

Go over to the East Side now in the heighborhood of Seventh street and Avenue A and ask any of the old people to that region to tell you about the butcher and his six wives. They'll tell you the story as if it were gospel truth. They used to think it was.

From an entirely different quarter of the city comes another story of superstition that had less excuse for existence. The house with the imprisoned wife and the home of the butcher's six spouses were not in the most enlightened parts of the city, but the house that for years had the reputation of being haunted is only a pedier who left an estate valued at £11.237. the reputation of being haunted is only a few feet from Fifth avenue. It has suffered the vicissitudes of many New York houses, or it has stood for more than half a cen-iry and many of its masters have died nder its roof. It was more than twenty years ago that the rimor of its ghostly tenants first began to be heard in New York. The report received such credence

NEW YORK MYSTERY HOUSES that more than once the owners have

WYORK MYSTERY HOUSES

UREE TYPICAL FABLES OF OLD CITY RESIDENCES.

Attic Prison for a Erivoleus Young Wife—The Perk Butcher of Second Avenue and His Six Wiyes—Ghests in a House Clese, to Fifth Avenue.

and told her he had just clutched at an intruder in the dining room who melted into air and disappeared with a mighty rattle and rustle. As the house had always been occupied by well known New Yorkers these stories soon were repeated so widely that they were mentioned whenever the house was referred to.

"I lived in that house for ten years," one of the former tenants said to THE SUN reporter, "but never noticed anything that could be regarded as the evidence of ghostly visitors. After I left it there was more and more heard about the noises and the visious, and one family left the house, broke the lease and refused to pay the rent on the ground that left the house, broke the lease and re-fused to pay the rent on the ground that the ghosts rendered the house unin-habitable. From that time, however, the public knew all about the ghosts. The property changed hands at about this time and the story was revived.

"One explanation made when the talk about the house had grown so persistent that the owner felt it necessary to make

that the owner felt it necessary to make some sort of a denial had to do with a tree that stood in the yard by the library. One of the branches fell so low as to touch the tin roof of the library. As it blew backward and forward with the wind it scraped the roof, which caused a rasping sound. An active imagination working overtime might have mistaken it for a moan or, if the wind was high in the winter, for the hurried movement of a human body. That was the explanation offered for the noises. What illusion caused the ghost to float through the dining room and linger in the dining room was never

ever the old man's back was turned. One THE FROG GOT TIRED TOO. So Really It Was Only Natural That Balley Caught No Bass.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Oct. 10 .- Jerome Bailey of Girty's Falls, a retired blackmind. smith, has of late taken to passing the "She didn't know that the old man plenty of time he has on hand in demonwas also working at home all day with strating how much he knows about the carpenters and the like. He was, though, angling art. He finds the greatest pleasand the neighbors saw a new story grad- ure in casting the illusive fly that now ually rising on the house, and then on the and then tempts some incautious black

those windows in the front and back by recent falls of rain, greatly interof the house. The old man had been fered with Mr. Bailey's indulgence in the pastime, there being more work in but she didn't know it. Yet she found it than he could find water sufficient it out soon enough. That night when she to compensate for; the walking a mile came home the old man let her in. Some or two between pools and ripples on of the young folks that were with her the intervening spaces of dry and stony river bed being exasperating as well. If the drought hadn't been attended by right to her. He just told her to come a correspondingly wearying altitude of the mercury in the thermometer he might came out. He took her up to show her not have found the work of extracting the new room, clapped her in it before pleasure from his fly casting stunts so discouraging and onerous, as he is not physically designed for undue exercise under severe thermometrical conditions. being a good man but weighing nearly 240 pounds.

"If some one would only get up an attachment to a rod that would throw the fly and land the fish," said he, in a contemplative mood, as he mopped his brow and gazed down the river a mile this day. The story has been told by the at a splash of water almost boiling in older neighbors to the new arrivals, who the sun, "he would make an independent went on repeating it without troubling fortune. I'd get one right away and go to investigate. As a matter of fact there out somewhere and get a whole lot of

> Attachment be swizzled," said Deacon Bird Galloway, who fishes some himself nights for bullheads. "Why don't you put a good sized dobber on your line, get some nice young frogs for bait and go out and still fish for your bass? With that tackle and bait you can just sit down in the shade and read novels while you

Its latest occupants are a man and his wife who get the house on monthly rental from the executors of the widow. The property is in the market. They pay a small rent for the house, occupy only a part of it and never reach the empty floor at the top of the house.

Even more characteristic of New York's occasional outtreak of romance and like the find of the house of t

The man who still fishes for bass or any other fish must be well stocked with patience. It may be an hour before a fish inclined to take the risk of the bait comes along to take it, but the angler is comes along to take it, but the angler is in constant and pleasurable expectation of any moment seeing the dobber go under, and that sustains him during the wait. Three bites an hour may be a safe estimate to put on the results of the average efforts of the still fisherman and his bait, but sometimes they come

He was Mr. Harris Norman, a Polish Jew, of Mill road, Cambridge. The document was found in his silk hat after his death.
It was dated January 15, 1903, and by it
he left the whole of his property equally
between Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge, and the London Jewish Synagogue
for the relief of poor and needy Jews.

GRAB CLIENTS FOR LAWYERS the knowledge of the cunner if it suspected what was going on. POLICE COURT RUNNERS STILL

THRIVING ON PRISONERS. The Ignorant and the Fereigners Their Most Profitable Victims—Some Make From \$5,000 to \$7,000 a Year

Ten minutes after the prisoner had been arraigned in the police court a lawyer appeared and was in earnest conversa-

tion with him. "Didn't take that fellow long to get lawyer," said an observer. Didn't take that lawyer long to get a

dient," said his companion, who knew the ropes. "That lawyer has a good runner. At every police court there are one or more men who make a living, and often for the runner. a very good living, in a manner which

s a puzzle to outsiders. These men are called runners. A runner is a man who makes it his business to tackle those who get into trouble, find out how much money they have or how much they will give up to get out of trouble and then provide a lawyer for them. The runners are found at every police court.

Where business is brisk there are many runners. The Essex Market and Jefferson Market courts have been profitable for the runners, but it is in the Criminal Courts Building that their business is most thriving. There are two courts there, the Court of Special Sessions and the Tombs, and at one time it is said a runner or two hung around the Coroners' office, in the same building.

It cannot be said that the runner is looked upon with general favor or that he is regarded as a high order of citizen. He is usually an oily, sleek person who sneaks around, his eyes shifting, seeking victim. Not a few of them have been arrested, for in their zeal to grab clients they have posed as lawyers and been caught at it.

Not that every one of them who has posed as a lawyer has been caught. Far rom it. There are two or three runners who make their headquarters in the Criminal Courts Building that are believed by many to be lawyers, though they are not.

However, the runner serves his purpose. He is often a great help to a lawyer-when clients are scarce. If you spoke to many lawyers who practise in the criminal courts they might protest earnest y that they would have nothing to do with a runner. Legal business didn't come to them in that way, they might say. Clients sought them in their offices; they did not go after clients.

In many cases the story of the runner rould be different. There were few lawyers who did not welcome the runner and his clients, he might tell you. Some of the runners had working arrangements with lawyers. A runner who is looked up to as one of the best in his class is said have definite arrangements with three lawyers, each lawyer making a specialty of certain cases.

What is the runner's fee? Anything he an get, is probably the best answer. Much depends upon the size of the lient's bank roll or the fee he is willing to pay. Some persons who get to a police court on a trivial charge are so unfamiliar with the law that they fear they are in danger of going to jail for life and are ready to part with all their possessions to be out of the hands of the police.

This class is the prey of the runner who exaggerates the importance of the charge and increases the prisoner's fears. In the end if a kind hearted court official does not step in and warn the prisoner that he is not in a very bad predicament in fact that the Magistrate is likely to discharge him with a lecture, between the lawyer who suddenly appears and the runner the prisoner is not apt to have much money left when he gets out.

Many of the runners live on small sums collected from day to day, very often having days that are barren. There are others who make a steady income, and there are others who take in more money than many lawyers.

One man is said to earn between \$5,000 and \$7,000 a year, and has been doing it for many years. His system-and it is a rule adopted by a few others who can afford to be independent-is to split with the lawyer the client's fee.

As a rule the runners are shrewd men, men who have studied for years the weaknesses of the individual who is caught

That is a great asset. A foreigner ignorant of American court methods elcomes anybody who speaks his tongue, shows solicitude for his welfare, points out how he can be helped, suggests means to get him out of the clutches of the terrible persons in blue and brass buttons and the Judge in black who frowns at everything and everybody.

Suppose it will cost money? How much have we? Part with it! Isn't it better than being kept in jail? Kept in jail maybe, you know not how long.

That is the attitude of most of the foreigners who have not friends to help bass about every ten minutes. Mr. Bailey hailed him as to his bait, intending to bribe the urchin into supplying him with some of the same kind.

"What are you fishing with, Bub?"

The runner figures out the situation in a jiffy. In a very few minutes a lawyer is advising the ignorant one.

Everything is straightened out. It didn't take much trouble if you know how to them. The runner figures out the situatake much trouble if you know how to

> Then the runners act for prisoners who know what they want and how to get it. It may be a question of bail. A bondsman must be produced at once and the runner is sent for one.

> Since the efforts to wipe out the proessional bondsmen have been partly successful the runner has added to his income. Also he will take messages for lawyers or act as a messenger for prisoners who want to communicate with their lawyers.

There are runners who pose as lawyersthey do it most discreetly-and there are lawyers who started out as runners. One young man, bright, energetic and businesslike, was admitted to the bar after he had been a runner in the Tombs police court and the Court of General Sessions for many years. He had a great reputa-

tion for getting business.

He has that reputation to-day. He is not a trial lawyer or an office lawyer, but he has had practical experience with lawyers and their methods and any case that he knows is too heavy for him he passes over to a lawyer who is versed in that particular line and-splits the fee.

A runner often takes a long chance. Sometimes it is possible where money is involved to effect a settlement or a compromise between the prisoner and the Probate has been granted of the will of complainant. The runner, if he is success-a pedier who left an estate valued at £11,937. ful in carrying out his plans, acts as a representative for each side.

He pretends to each that he is solely the agent of the one and is fooling the other. If there is a settlement he collects from each side. Of course it is dangerous business, for it has to be done without

the knowledge of the Court, which would

Many attempts have been made to do way with the runners. They have never been successful. The protest and the professional violator of the law are and the professional violator of the law are not bothered by them. They have their lawyers, advisers and bondsmen ready

when they get into trouble.

It is the ignorant, the innocent, th persons who tremble at the mere thought of being looked up—the diagrace of it and the publicity which they expect— that fall into the hands of the runners. Unless they have friends who have knowledge of the ways of courts and who

erience is not pleasant, The municipal courts, where the smaller civil suits come up, are practically free of runners. There does not seem to be any business, and therefore no money

THE CHAMPAGNE OUTLOOK Effect of the Crop's Falture Not Likely

to Be Felt for a Year or Two.

From the Paris Temps. . The French press has recently printed nany articles on the champagne crisis, and the arguments brought forward have not been exactly those looked for by the vine growers and the merchants. in all that has been said, however, one thing in unhappily only too true-the harvest for 1908 will be absolutely nil. There will be no gathering of the grapes

in Champagne this year.

A few growers will glean here there some kilograms of grapes of poer quality, but among these there will be ome, and those not the least prudent, who instead of carrying their harvest to the wine press will burn it up to destroy the germs of the plague and so afeguard the future.

The early promise of the vine was

excellent and in June it was thought that the year 1908 would be one to remember in the annals of Champagne. But the rains of July came and with them procession of cryptogamous diseases terrible invasion of mildew swooped down on the Champagne vines. Frost and hail completed the mischeivous work

of the larve. The leaves first dried up and no longer afforded the bunches of grapes prope protection against the sun or th Then the grapes themselves were affected, the berries fell one by one, the stems shrivelled up and finally fell, leaving the plant complete y bare.

In the vineyards where by frequen growers managed to save some bunches of grapes the prolonged rains and persistent humidity of the ground rotted

This is the exact situation of affairs in the three divisions of the Marne department, Reims, Epernay and Chalons, which provide with wine the great champagne

This failure in the crop is all the more grievous for the vine growers because they have laid out extra money and taken extra pains this year, owing to the fine promise of the spring. Had the promis een less encouraging the vine growers would have done only enough to insure in average harvest. They would not have been so lavish with their sulphate treatment, which is an expensive matter. they would have saved the extra spade work, manure and all the care which makes the cultivation of the g ape in Champagne more burdensome than in any other district, which in fact brings the cost of cultivation of a hectare (21% acres) on the slopes of Ay or Vergenay

up to \$500 or \$600 a year. What effect will the absence of any ha vest have on the future of the vineyard, the lot of the vine worker and the trade in champagne?

As far as the future of the vineyard is concerned there is no need for too much anxiety. There is no record in the his-tory of the Champagne vineyards of a succession of barren years. The phyl-loxers has been fought, if not victoriously at least scientifically. Just as a man can live the normal length of life with an in-

But all this talk about having been unable to sell his stock for two years is nothing, we believe, but the empty grumbling of the wine grower, diseatisfied with his position and somewhat jealous of his whom there has been so much talk. What is true is that, whatever may be the harvest next year, whatever may be the harvest next year, whatever may be the importance and quality, the wine grower will be absolute master of the prices, and these will reach figures which will mark an epoch in the history of champagne wineyards.

will be absolute master of the prices, and these will reach figures which will mark an epoch in the history of champagne vineyards.

We shall see the poorer qualities, worth \$40 a barrel in ordinary times, reach the figure of \$100 or \$120. We shall see the finest growths doubling their value and the smaller growths tripling theirs.

The grower then will lose nothing. If he is only prudent and courageous this year's disaster may be made the starting point of a new era full of hope.

How does the question present itself for the wholesale dealers? Will the trade in champagne, which amounts to nearly \$40,000,000 a year in France's commerce, be severely tried?

The champagne business is one that calls for great forethought. Well filled cellars are necessary before a single bottle can be sold. The bouses of standing in the champagne business have formed reserves which give them a sufficient margin. The stock in cellar in April last was 184,917,195 bottles and about 9,500,000 gallons in cask. The sale from April, 1607, to April, 1908, amounted to 33,734,618 bottles, a figure slightly greater than the previous year. From this it appears that the champagne business could stand without prejudice five or six years of complete scarcity. But these reserves are made up to a great extent of superior wines used only in the production of the most expensive kinds. The reserves of the average quality are much smaller, and it is estimated that at the end of two years without harvests the trade could no longer aupply this kind.

The present crisis then will not make itself felt this year or next vear, but the year after the trade will be at the mercy of the grower's exections.

LAWN TENNIS MISHANDLED

AGAIN COMPLAINTS ABOUT THE LACK OF OFFICIALS.

The Difficulty Starts With Club Tourns ments Which Are Carelessly Managed —Past Season No Exception to the Rule of Lax Conduct of Matches

If there is one thing more than any other that has called for criticism in the management of American lawn tennis tournaments it is the inefficient he adline of them in point of proper officials for the matches. The season which has just closed has been no exception in this re-gard and the blame for not having enough inesmen and umpires has attached to all except a very few tournaments. The New York State tournament at the New ork Athletic Club, the invitation and doubles matches at the Crescent Ath-letic Club and the Davis cup play at the Longwood Country Club left nothing to be desired in these regards. They were capably officered, if that is the phrase

As is the custom, conspicuous in mis handling were Newport, where the national championships are held, and the Middle States tournament at the Orange Lawn Tennis Club, which used to be one of the most important and best patronized of all tournaments outside of New port and Longwood.

The minor tournaments too were not any too well equipped. The East Jersey at the Elizabeth T. and C. C. showed space modic efforts to handle the matches properly. There were umpires amd lineamen for the more inportant matches and for many of the minor ones. Elizabeth tried hard and did better than some others. The Long Island was fairly good too. But these and a lot of others were mishandled in the regard that the committees apparently did not believe that there was any need of officials for any but

That is a current belief which finds its strongest expression at Newport. There they dig up officials for the ranking players-when they insist on it-but they neglect the minor players. They believe, way to encourage the new players is to let hem alone, or that is the way it appears.

the semi-final and the final matches.

Year after year complaint is made of the wretched mishandling of the championships, and year after year it continues. Seemingly there is not enough gumption among the lawn tennis players who grumble to take some forcible action to prevent & continuance of this wretched management. When it comes time for the annual meeting of the U.S. N. L. T. A. none of this sort of thing is discussed When a player like Clarence Hobart ventures to put himself on record in criticism of anything the association or one of its committees does his case is attended to by personalities. There is just a chance that a critic may be right, but the U. S. N. L. T. A.'s attitude is first always to resent the criticism, without regard to the merit of it, as an impertinence.

There is some blame-indeed, a great deal-coming to the members of the clubs in the association. If every player was accustomed in his own club never to play in a tournament without the proper complement of officials, he would proper complement of officials, he would enter upon the open events prepared to insist on what he was accustomed to. For instance, in the recent tournament of the New York L. T. C., there was a bitter and unfortunate misunderstanding over the final round match between Pell and Touchard. It was kind of Richey to be willing to take the match as referee, but the remark of several club members on the happenings was very just: "The idea, a club tournament and a man from another club as umpire." However, it another club as umpire another club as umpire. However, it was just because these others were more willing to talk than to act that the tournament matches had either to be handled by men outside the club or to go without

officials.

It isn't much excuse for men to say,
"Well, it's only a club tournament."

That is just the feeling that leads to the
careless handling of matches, whether
in club or open tournaments. It is unfair to any player to force him to act as
a judge of any point that he has played
or that an opponent has made. It puts

in succession of barren years. The phyliotera has been fought, if not victoriously at least scientifically. Just as a man can live the normal length of life with an invurable disease, so the champagne vine, afflicted with phylloxera, gives one year with another an average return, afflicted with phylloxera, gives one year mentioned may be placed at 6,800,000 gallons for bad years, from 8,800,000 to 11,000,000 gallons for fair years and from 11,000,000 gallons for fair years and from 12,200,000 gallons to 15,400,000 gallons for abundant years. An average harvest from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 gallons is amply sufficient to supply the firms, about a hundred, having any real importance in the champagne trade.

What will be the lot of the wine grower? It is a delicate matter to handle. He has met with a great disappointment, but will he really lose much money? He is always lamenting, but is not that rather a matter of habit and temperament?

He has lost his harvest, that is a fact. But did he not cry aloud in the spring that he still had in cellar the result of the last two years' harvest and that his greatest wish was to see a barren year? He said that, it is true, when the promise for this year for the wing in champagne—he will sell this reserve at a price he could never have array thing in champagne—he will sell this reserve at a price he could never have a supper the sell has talk about have done an excellent stroke of business in not having sold out the previous years. His profits will be trebled and will compensate for the loss incurred this year.

But all this talk about having been unable to sellhis stock for two years is nothing, we believe, but the empty grumbling of the wive grower, disastighed with his

That n a way is what a man has a reasonable right to expect when he pays an entry fee. It stands for an open tournament in which there will be proper a centre of population you can turn it into a description of any and all matches and it won't be like a pickup match with some friend on a private court. There won't be any more of this:

"You can forbid any ship to enter any port in the world." If you think it here sary to the success of any operation in

Scene-Any old club. The Blank cham pionship. Dramatis persons: A Committeeman. First Dub Player. Second Third Dub Player. A Rank-Dub Player. man (to First and

soond D. P. (in chorus)-Glad c—(The rest is a mumble). Committeeman—You play in

A Ranking Player-Where have

got us, Tom; I'm playing with Mr. T. D I'll chase that pair off the championship court and you fellows can be practising there, while I hunt up a referee for you and a couple of linesmen.

balls you want? (Exit). Thus the minor lawn tennis player i

KIPLING TO THE DOCTORS. Address at the Opening of a Medical School in Lendon.

doctors and patients. I have had some delicacy in confessing that I have belonged to the patient class ever since a doctor told me that all patients were phenomens liars where their own symptoms were con

magnificent opportunity which now before me I should like to talk to you before me I should like to talk to you all about my own symptoms. However, I have been ordered—on medical advice—not to talk about patients, but doctors. Speaking, then, as a patient, I should say that the average patient looks upon the average doctor very much as the non-combatant looks upon the troops fighting on his behalf. The more trained men there are between his body and the enemy, he thinks, the better.

"I have had the good fortune this afternoon of meeting a number of trained men who in due time will be drafted in your permanently mobilized army which is always in action, always under fire against death. Of course, it is a little unfortunate that Death, as the senior practitioner,

that Death, as the senior practitioner is bound to win in the long run, but w non-combatants, we patients, console ourselves with the idea that it will be your business to make the best terms you can with Death on our behalf; to see how his attacks can be longest delayed or diverted, and, when he insists on driving the attack home to see that he does ing the attack home, to see that he does it according to the rules of civilized war-

fare.

Every sane human being is agreed that this long drawn fight for time that we call life is one of the most important things in the world. It follows, therefore, that in the world. It follows, therefore, that you, who control and oversee this fight, and who will reenforce it, must be among the most important people in the world.

"Certainly the world will treat you on that basis. It has long ago decided that you have no working hours that anybody is bound to respect, and nothing except your extreme bodily illness will excuse you in its eyes from refusing to help a man who thinks he may need your help at any hour of the day or night.

"Nobody will care whether you are in

at any hour of the day or night.

"Nobody will care whether you are in your bed, or in your bath, or on your holiday or at the theatre—if any one of the children of men has a pain or a hurt in him you will be summoned. And, as you know, what little vitality you may have accumulated in your leisure will be dragged out of you again.

"In all times of flood, fire, famine, plague, pestilence, battle, murder and sudden death it will be required of you that you report for duty at once, that you go on duty at once and that you stay on duty until your strength fails you or your conscience relieves you, whichever may be the longer period. This is your position. These are some of your obligations, and I do not think that they will grow any lighter.

do not think that they will grow any lighter.

"Have you heard of any legislation to limit your output? Have you heard of any bill for an eight hour day for doctors? Do you know of any change in public opinion which will allow you not to attend a patient when you know that the man never means to pay you?

"Have you heard any outcry against those people who can really afford surgical appliances and yet cadge around the hospitals for free advice, a cork leg or a glass eye? I am airaid you have not.

"It seems to be required of you that you must save others. It is nowhere laid down that you need save yourselves. That is to say, you belong to the privileged classes.

classes.

"I am sorry you have met my demonstration with a certain amount of levity, May I remind you of some of your privileges? You and kings are about the only people whose explanation the police will accept if you exceed the legal limit in your car. On presentation of your visiting

readily as on the least of the tyros, and card you can pass through the most tur-men who will stick out the full match and give the player the worth of his entry fee.

If you fly a yellow flag over a centre

as I have seen, men will crawl on hands and knees.

"You can forbid any ship to enter any port in the world. If you think it necessary to the success of any operation in which you are interested you can as a part 20,000 ton liner with mails in reidocean till the operation is concluded. You can tie up the traffic of a port without notice given. You can order whole quarters of a city to be pulled flown or burnt up, and you can trust on the warm cooperation of the nearest troops to see that your prescriptions are properly carried out.

"To do your poor patients justice, we do not creat district of the patients justice, we do not creat district of the patients in the part whose

committeeman—You play in courtlemme see. Oh, any one you see vacant.
(Going).

Second D. P.(simidly)—Any officials?
Committeeman—Sorry, old man, I can's
get a person. You chaps can get along
together, I'm sure, without fighting. (Is
going, and meets Third D. P. with a Ranking Player).

A Ranking Player—Where have you

contributed out.

"To do your poor patients justice, we do
not often dispute doctors' orders' unless
we are frightened or upset by a long
continuance of epidemic diseases. In
this case, if we are uncivilized, we say
that you have poisoned the drinking
water for your own purpose, and we
turn out and throw stones at you in the
street. If we are civilized we do some
thing else, but a civilized people can
throw stones, too.

throw stones, too.

"You have been and always will be exposed to the contempt of the gifted amateur—the gentleman who knows by intuition everything that it has taken you years to learn. You have been exposed you always will be exposed. posed, you always will be exposed to the attacks of those persons who consider their own undisciplined emotions more important than the world's most bitter agonies—the people who would limit and cripple and hamper research because they fear research may be ac-companied by a little pain and suffering. [Cheers.]

"But you have heard this afternoon a little of the history of your profession. "You will find that such people have been London, Oct. 2.—It is the custom in the London medical schools to open the year's work with a ceremony in which cratory is the principal feature. Rud-of the Nile. Yet your work goes on,

oratory is the principal feature. Rudyard Kipling was the layman selected to address the students yesterday at the Middlesex Hospital, and he made a delightful address which was worthy of a wider and non-professional audience. He said:

"It may not have escaped your professional observation that there are only two classes of mankind in the world—two classes the students yesterday at the and will go on.

"You remain now, perhaps, the only class that dares to tell the world that we can get no more cut of a machine than we can lightful address which was worthy of a will go on.

"You remain now, perhaps, the only class that dares to tell the world that we can get no more cut of a machine than we put into it; that if the fathers have eaten for bidden fruit, the children's teeth are very liable to be afflicted. Your training shows you that things are what they will be, and that we deceive no one except ourselves when we pretend otherwise.

otherwise.

Better still, you can prove what you have learned. If a patient chooses to disregard your warnings, you baye not to wait a generation to convince him.

You know you will be called in in a few days or weeks, and you will find your You know you will be called in in a rew days or weeks, and you will find your careless friend with a pain in his inside or a sore place on his body, precisely as you warned him would be the case.

"Have you ever considered what a tremendous privilege that is? At a time when few things are called by their right names—when it is against the spirit of the times even to hint that an act may entail consequences—you are going to entail consequences—you are going to join a profession in which you will be paid for telling men the truth, and that every departure you may make from the truth you will make as a con

weakness.
"Realizing these things, I do not think
"Realizing these things by talking "Realizing these things, I do not thing I need stretch your patience by taking to you about the high ideals and the lofty ethics of a profession which exacts from its followers the largest responsibility and the highest death rate—for its practitioners—of any profession in the world. If you will let me, I will wish you in your forces what all men desire—enough work. ture what all men desire—enough w

THE TALKATIVE MAN.

He Finds Times When Talking Isn't Profitable-One of Them. "I find." said a talkative man, "that there are times when it is better to keep one's mouth shut, when talking doesn't

the higher the waves got and the more things boiled.

This, you know, was something like; some electricity in the air; something doing, and life was worth living with everybody figuring, and there was somedoing, and life was worth living with everybody figuring, and there was something to talk about, and day before resterday, when I sat down in my dentist's chair, I asked him what he thought about it all. Things have surely got a little cayenne in 'em now, don't you think? And he said something and I answered back and we talked and talked, I doing most of the talking, I guess, for half an hour or so, and then I says to him:

"But say! I'm taking up too much

"But say! I'm taking up too much of your time, I guess, ain't I?"
"No; oh, no.' he says, 'not at all, not at all. I charge for time, you know, on this work I'm doing, and I charge this all up to you." on this work I'm doing, and I charge
this all up to you."

"Well, do you know at that I closed
right up? I mean I sat back and opened
my mouth and kept it open and didn't
say another word—not there. I do love
to talk, but there are times when I don't
find it profitable, and that appeared to
be one of them. Don't you think?"

A Fly Stopped a Train.

From the Great Western Railway Magarine. In North Wales there is a section of single line worked on the electric train staff system. When the signalman tried recently to draw a staff from the instrument in order to despatch a train he was unable to do so. The fallure of the instrument lasted for nearly fivehours.

Investigation revealed that a small fly had crept into the intrument and apparently died while in the act of examining the delicate mechanism of one of the contacts, leaving its tiny body as an insuperable barrier to the passage of the electric current. In North Wales there is a section of single

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Axminsters, 9x12, value \$24.50, now......\$19.75 Royal Wiltons, 9x12, value \$39.50, now....... \$25.00 to \$29.50 Royal Wiltons, 8.3x10.6, value \$35.00, now..... \$24.50 and \$27.55 Tapestry Brussels, 9x12, value \$18.00, now......... \$10.00 to \$13.50 Seamless Wiltons, 9x12, value \$55.00, now..... 350 Rugs, made from remnants, in all sizes, below cost. 

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